CHICAGO DAILY
SUN-TIMES
OCT 3 1967

THE BRITISH THIRD MAN

Master Spy: Amazing Story Of Harold Philby

By Patrick Seale, Roy Perrott and Maureen McConville

Special from the London Observer

LONDON — Fresh facts about the extraordinary career of Harold (Kim) Philby, the Soviet master spy and former London Observer correspondent, have been uncovered by a special investigation in several world capitals. The inquiry has caused disquiet in the British government, prodding the authorities into reopening their own scrutiny of the case.

It has been established beyond doubt that Philby —who is living in Moscow, after disappearing from Beirut, Lebanon, four years ago — was a Soviet agent for 30 years, having been recruited as far back as 1934.

His is an unmatched success story in espionage. It is now known that he was the most important spy that the Russians ever had in the West. For more than a decade, while a Soviet agent, he was an entirely trusted senior officer at the very heart of British intelligence.

His climb was so rapid and his cover so good that at one point he was mentioned as a future head of M-16, Britain's secret intelligence service.

The evidence points strongly to his having personally recruited Guy Burgess and Donald MacLean — his Cambridge University contemporaries—as agents of the Russian intelligence service as early as 1935.

It is now clear that when Philby—the "third man" — tipped them off in 1951, he did so to save himself, to safeguard his own far more significant role. Had they faltered under British interrogation, they would have given him and much else away.

What he betrayed in secret information is literally incalculable. In his post at the center of the British intelligence machine, he had access to a mass of information about the methods, the operations, and the men who ran the secret services of Britain, the United States and their allies.

More Than Spy Story

Philby's career is more than a spy story. It is the personal drama of a complicated man. It is also a judgment on the complacent values of a ruling elite, bound together by a friendly "old boy" network. This was what he secretly hated, but understood and brilliantly exploited.

How did he get away with it so long and so well? There is no short answer.

He had nerve. He had great natural gifts for intelligence work: A magnificent memory, a genius for doing the unexpected, the most painstaking and meticulous attention to detail.

Made Fools Of Friends

He had the sort of almost unbelievable self-control that could allow him, in the most delicate and important stage of his career, to move, often fuddled with drink, freely and easily among other watchful agents but giving not a word away. Right up to the last, he never made a slip.

But the key to his success was his friends. They were always ready to believe the best of him. They meant well; they were made fools of.

As one of his closest colleagues told us, "Kim was an ideological traitor. He was hooked early and had the guts to see it through."

There were many facets to his character. Some saw the quiet and shy charmer, the man who wrestled with a crippling stammer, the vulnerable man about whom they felt protective.

But those who knew him most intimately, particularly women, recognized the real clues to his personality. There was vanity, a certain moral and intellectual arrogance, an excessive certainty that he knew what was right.

It all started at Cambridge

NALD MacLEAN GUY BURGESS
"Tipped off" in 1951

University in the early 1930s. That was the time when many public-school boys like Kim were seriously questioning the values of their class and their country. Philby, like many of his contemporaries, became immersed in left-wing university politics. But he remained on the fringes of the Communist Party and never actually joined it. What he got at University was a thorough grounding in Marxist theory.

His real political education was acquired in the field. He was in Austria learning German, and just 22, when he saw Social-Democratic workers of Vienna massacred in their abortive rising of February, 1934.

The lesson he drew was that socialism had failed; its leaders were incompetent and had betrayed the working-class. To confront fascism, something more drastic was required.

Converted To Communism

His conversion to communism was initiated both by this searing experience and by his marriage to an Austrian woman, older and more politically sophisticated than he. She was doing underground work. He joined her in it. He married her to give her a British passport and save her from the police. She is now living in East Berlin.

He was in a mood for recruitment by the Russians, and that is what followed. It happened in Vienna. In the aftermath of the fighting there, his first assignment for the Communists was to act as a courier to Hungary. His British passport was invaluable.

Getting seriously into the business, it was necessary for him to establish a cover. Back in London, he began by dropping his left-wing friends — with a ruthlessness that was noticeable at later points in his career — and took a harmless job in journalism.

From here it was an easy step to editing a bulletin for a group called the Anglo-German Fellowship, whose ostensible aim was to promote friendship with Nazi Germany and prevent war.

At this time Anglo-German relations were of consuming interest to the Russians, so he was well placed to keep them informed. The job took him frequently on flying visits to Berlin, where he had wide access to industrial contacts.

Believed A Fascist

It can be assumed that he traveled as a courier on many secret Soviet missions. One of the sacrifices he was called upon to make was the respect of his friends: They thought he had become a Fascist sympathizer.

He was always a solitary and contemplative person; now he was sustained only by the inner flame of his new dedication. He was able to bear the burden.

He flew back to London from Berlin in 1936, on the weekend in which the Spanish civil war began. Here was a new target — of the greatest interest to the Russians.

He made his way to Spain, supposedly as a free-lance journalist. The Times of London happened to need a man there, and he was taken on.

His father, H. St. John Philby, the distinguished Arabist, explorer and private adviser to King Ibn Saud, had been a regular contributor to that paper and may, in all innocence, have helped to get the son the job.

Decorated By Franco

Young Philby reported the war from the Franco side, a position from which he was able to send valuable information to the Russians. He was wounded by Republican artillery and was actually decorated by Franco. His right-wing respectability was thus even more defiantly confirmed.

The outbreak of World War II found him poised for his great espionage scoop: the penetration of the British intelligence service. He had no difficulty in getting himself recruited.

His knowledge of Spain was in demand because, with the Germans overrunning Europe, Spain and Portugal had become of enormous strategic importance. They were the chief points of entry to and exit from the continent.

It may be thought that the mildest scrutiny of Philby's past would have raised suspicions that he might be either a Communist or a Nazi. No such [illegible] strongly felt. The Russians had managed to plant a man inside a rival service.

In Counterespionage

Philby was placed in the counterespionage section of M-16. This was the area in which he made his great professional reputation. Counterespionage has nothing to do with catching spies; it is a means of finding out what an opponent knows in order to neutralize his knowledge. To do this successfully you have to keep track of everything your own organization knows — the perfect niche for a Soviet double agent.

It is one of the subtlest intelligence operations, because it involves the exploitation of leaks and turning your enemy's organization to your own use.

The "old boy network" which held together the intelligence services grew naturally and innocently. Looking for recruits who could be trusted, members turned instinctively to old friends of school and college.

A Good War

It was a good war for Philby. The Russians soon came in with the allies and there was no conflict of loyalties. With his colleagues, Philby moved between their headquarters in London and a country house, where they applied their clever minds to often murderous intellectual exercises.

Philby, the highly efficient chief who was also — in the clubman's tradition — the witty, laconic, easygoing friend at the bar was the most intensely dedicated among them.

He was the obvious choice to head a new counterespionage unit, set up in 1944 directed against the Soviet Union. Long before the end of the war, farsighted men were preparing for the day when Russia might stop being an ally and become an enemy.

The young man who had been molded by the workers' struggle in Vienna had, in 10 years, risen to direct Britain's intelligence effort against the very country whose cause he had embraced. From the Russian point of view, it was a copybook counterespionage success story.

Assumes Top Role

A year later, in a palace revolution, Philby replaced the oldsters in the organization and rose to command the whole counterespionage setup, thus controlling a large section of the M-16 force.

From then on, Philby was an object of professional veneration. People spoke of him as the white hope of the service and as a possible future chief. At the end of the war, when many wartime colleagues returned to college fellowships and professional careers, Philby stayed on.

All this time, Philby had been passing vital information to the Russians, whether the British government considered them friends or enemies.

There is no evidence that he was paid by the Russians. Money is the downfall of many spies—in the sense that they are detected through having it. Philby did not need it; he was

LYND AT ST. JAMES. Controversial pacifist Staughton Lynd, who was rejected for a teaching post at Chicago State College this semester because of an unauthorized trip he made to North Vietnam, speaks at Cathedral of St. James, Wabash and Huron. His subject: "Vietnam—A Challenge to Conscience." (Sun-Times Photo)

Continued

CHICAGO DAILY SUN-TIMES
OCT 3 1967

being well paid by the British.

At every stage in the story the question recurs like a refrain: How did he get away with it? Obviously, to build the sort of esteem that achieved swift promotion, he had to do a first-class job for the British. He had to show results. Plainly, he could not pull his punches in evaluating, studying, penetrating the Soviet service. That the Russians did not mind this is perhaps the hardest thing for the ordinary outsider to understand.

Why they did not mind is that this enabled them to know (from Philby) exactly what the British had found out. This made the information gained valueless to the British.

In 1947, Philby was posted as station commander in Turkey. This meant he was in over-all command of all British intelligence operations in this area. Turkey was then the very frontier of the cold war.

Sent To Washington

The significance of his next appointment in 1949 was unmistakable. He was sent as chief of British intelligence in Washington. Clearly he was being groomed by the British service for stardom. He was 37.

His role was liaison at the highest level with the newly founded Central Intelligence Agency, Federal Bureau of Investigation and other American agencies. British intelligence was highly thought of in America and Philby was among its aces.

Philby did not like entertaining Washington officialdom. He lived a mildly Bohemian life in a rambling, untidy suburban house with his second wife, Aileen, five children, a secretary—and Guy Burgess.

By this time, Burgess was thought of by the British as a sort of drunken rogue elephant, immensely companionable to those who knew him well. He had been sent to Washington to get lost in a large embassy. Due to the old-boy system, such men were seldom sacked. But why did Philby have Burgess live with him?

Act Of Defiance

Partly, it was an act of defiance. Though he had to keep up a fraternal liaison with his American colleagues, he nurtured a deepseated anti-Americanism. He thought of America as the citadel of everything he disliked. In this spiritually hostile milieu, he may have needed the comfort of Burgess's companionship.

He had recruited him in 1935. Burgess was one of the very few people who knew about Philby's Soviet connections. But as Burgess grew wilder and less predictable, Philby must have felt an increasingly anxious need to keep an eye on him.

Philby's immensely promising career broke on the Burgess and MacLean affair. Suspicion obviously pointed to him, and his American colleagues refused to sit around a table with him. He came home to face a secret Whitehall trial. But he understood the system.

He took a gamble on the image that he knew he presented to his friends. He played on the anti-Americanism latent in the British establishment, on the contempt for McCarthyism. And it worked.

He had to leave the service, but nothing worse happened to him. His friends within it remained loyal to him. Some even believed he had been grossly victimized.

But the sister organization, M-15—the security service—had no such personal loyalties to him. It developed and retained grave doubts about him. Philby managed to get these quashed by his many influential friends in M-16 with whom he had fought the war and to whom his integrity was beyond reproach.

'In The Cold'

For the next four years, from 1951 to 1955, he was "in the cold," drifting from the hope of one job to the next. His friends tried to help. There were tales of mounting bills, of children to clothe and feed, of gloom and increasing drinking. . .

Philby has himself admitted that by 1955 he was ready to defect to the Russians. But he was accidentally rescued by being publicly denounced by Col. Marcus Lipton, a Labor member of Parliament.

The effect of these unfounded true allegations that Philby was the "third man" was that Whitehall—which had "tried" him in secret and cleared him—now cleared him publicly.

Once publicly cleared, his sincere friends in M-16 could rally again. Someone remembered his old profession, journalism.

Hired By Newspaper

He was discreetly recommended to the Observer as a good man, as an innocent victim of an American witchhunt who would make an excellent Middle East correspondent.

A categorical promise was given by the foreign office that he no longer worked for intelligence and would never do so again. He got the job.

Then, amazingly, he was brought back on the books of British intelligence.

It has been suggested that British intelligence sent Philby to Beirut in an attempt to "play him back" to the Russians — that they only pretended to clear him, to rehabilitate and trust him, but were all the time watchful. The truth is more prosaic.

Philby's friends really were taken in. To the station commanders throughout the Middle East with whom he made contact on his journalistic trips, he was still the legendary figure of the war. He had been cleared at the top, and that was good enough for them.

One of the men who had defended him most passionately in the years since 1951 became his chief in Beirut, the most important M-16 office in the region. Their collaboration was like a honeymoon.

His 'targets" were to keep the Russians informed on the British and U.S. intelligence apparatus in the area. It was in Beirut that he met and married his third wife, Eleanor, an American.

He had worked his way back into Western confidence. Skilfully and patiently, he had eroded almost all doubts about himself. Then the final blow fell—unexpected, out-of-the-blue—the blow against which all his delicate expertise provided no defense.

A very high-level Soviet intelligence officer defected to the West late in 1961. From the careful study of the information he gave, an incontrovertible case against Philby was built up.

One of his closest friends in the service was entrusted by London with the macabre task of flying to Beirut to confront him with the evidence. One would give a great deal for a verbatim account of their conversation.

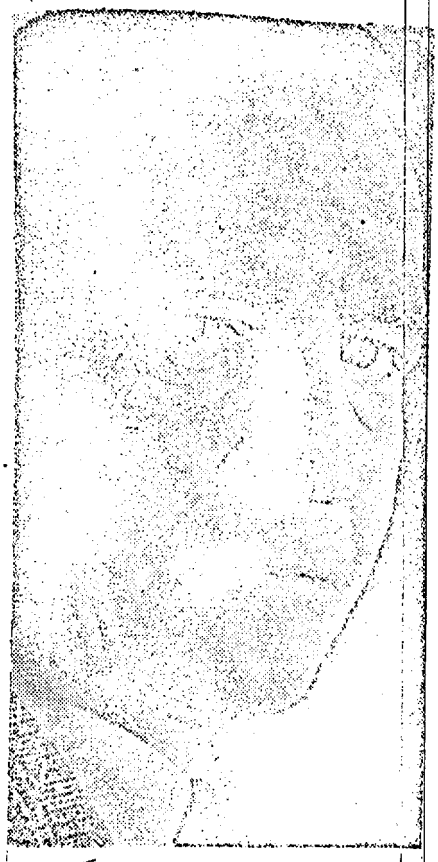
Philby, knocked off balance for perhaps the first time in his life, actually admitted the charges. He admitted seeing his Russian contact, a counselor at the Soviet embassy, once a month.

The game was up. A month later, on Jan. 23, 1963, he fled. The British authorities either would not, or could not, stop him.

Two weeks ago, Philby's son John, 24, visited his father in Moscow. Definitely left-wing, John Philby admires his father and says: "London won't be worth living in in 10 years, anyway."

Until the Moscow reunion, father and son had scarcely seen each other for six or seven years. But they got on well together.

Kim Philby seemed at last to be relaxed. The formidable strains of years had fallen away. "I've come home," he murmured. "I've come home."



HAROLD (KIM) PHILBY
. . . *the Third Man*

CHICAGO DAILY
SUN-TIMES

OCT 3 1967